

A GOOD TEACHER



A Wish for the Holiday Season

THINE own wish wish I thee in every place,
The Christmas joy, the song, the feast, the cheer;
Thine be the light of love in every face
That looks on thee to bless thy coming year.
My own wish wish I thee—what dost thou crave?
All thy dear hopes be thine, whatever they be.
A wish fulfilled may make thee king or slave.
I wish thee wisdom's eyes wherewith to see.
Behold, she stands and waits, the youthful year!
A breeze of morning breathes about her brow;
She holds the storm and sunshine, bliss and fear.
Blossoms and fruit upon the bending bough;
She brings thee gifts. What blessing wilt thou choose?
Life's crown of good in earth or heaven above?
The one immortal joy thou cannot lose
Is love! Leave all the rest and choose thy love.
—Celia Thaxter

THE DANGER FREE TREE.

How Electricity Provides the Sparkling Cheer Without Risk of Fire.

Nearly every 20th day of December we read in the morning papers the pathetic stories of Christmas play that ends in tragedy. It is the annual toll of the Christmas tree candle. Every city has dozens of such cases each year. The candle flame sets fire to the tinsel trimmings, a curtain blazes up, and the day of festivity ends in sorrow or some member of the family is badly burned.

The little electric tree lights are decorative and pleasing to children, and they are safe and convenient. They hang, fruits, roses, dogs, birds, snow men and grotesque little figures are all strung together on fine, silk covered wire and may be readily connected to any lamp socket behind the tree.

The little lamps sparkle and glow. They are the most effective Christmas tree ornaments ever devised, and there is far more fun for the kiddies, because the lamps can burn as long as they are wanted. They do not have to be watched, and the little lamps can be used year after year. They are suitable for any festivity and add gaiety to every gathering of children.

An Austrian Christmas Delicacy.
The Austrian affects at Christmas time a delicacy known as fruchtbrod, made of raisins, currants, figs and chopped dates. This constitutes a sort of cake, bread, etc.



ALTHOUGH we live in Gungy-wamp,
Which isn't on the map,
An', thou h our town hez settled down
To take its winter nap.
Our thoughts go out to friends afar,
Friends north, south, east an' west.
We hope an' pray this Christmas day
Will be their happiest.

We live here quiet on the farm,
Irene an' ma an' me;
We have two pens uv noisy hens
An' cats, no less'n three!
We raise our garden sass an' sich,
Make cider ev'ry fall;
Wish we could git a cask uv it
Out to you, one an' all.

We ain't no hands fur style an' sich,
But we jest wanten say
We'll use you white by day or night
Ef you should come our way.
Accept this greetin', which is full
Uv good ol' Gungy cheer,
An' peace, good will an' joy until
We see you all next year!
—Joe Cone.

AND THE REINDEER CAME.

What They Brought Up to the Home of the Little Rich Girl.

"An'-an the teacher said," lisped the baby of the rich, "there was reindeer hitched to sleighs full of dolls an' toys an' things, running over tops of houses on the night before Christmas."

"Yes," the proud father answered, "the teacher was right. They drove over your house last night, and Santa Claus unloaded a whole Christmas tree full of things for you."

They carried the little rich girl down the wide marble stairway to the oak paneled library on the first floor. There, between stained glass windows, was a ceiling high Christmas tree groaning with toy clowns, Shetland ponies, fairies with jeweled clothes and knobby parcels in delicate wrappings concealed in the evergreen branches. Some one turned a switch, which lighted the tree.

A tiny box hung far out on a green branch, which the rich baby's father detached and opened. The baby bent over it with an uncomprehending look. It contained gold pieces. Left to herself, she went up to the miniature house and doll family within her reach under the tree. There was the doll mother hovering over bisque children, who sat in tiny baby chairs. The house had curtains, carpets, a kitchen, real stairs and a nursery. The baby stood before it in wonderment.

Then she spied prancing reindeer attached to a toy sleigh, the back of which was filled with games, with ducks which bobbed their heads while they said "Quack," and little doll go-carts, which had lace covers and sunshades.

The morning or the afternoon of Christmas day and many other mornings and afternoons were not long enough for the baby to examine and play with all the toys and gifts which that stairway tree held for her.

"An'-an the teacher said," added the rich baby, "that sometimes the reindeer and the sleigh stopped for only a minute at a chimney, to leave one toy, an' sometimes—sometimes he did not stop at all!"—New York Evening Post.

Squaring Himself.

Mrs. Henpecke—What do you mean sir, by telling Mrs. Torker's husband you never ask my advice about anything? Henpecke—Well, Marla, I don't. You don't wait to be asked.—Exchange.

Home, Home Sweet Home.

Mr. Spidd (angrily)—I was certain the biggest fool in the world when I asked you to marry me!
Mrs. Spidd (dangerously sweet)—Not the biggest, dearest; I accept—Chicago News.

His Pride.

"What's the matter with the waiter?"
"I mistook him for a guest, and he didn't like it."

SHOOTING MISTLETOE.

Sometimes Christmas Plant is Harvested With a Gun.

The hunter took deliberate aim and fired into the higher branches of a swamp elm. Only a bunch of foliage, cut from its supporting bough by the charge of bird shot, fell a yard or so away.

"Missed him?" was the half queried comment of a "tenderfoot" who had strained his eyes in vain to see the object of the shot.

"Missed nothing," came the rejoinder. "Shootin' greens," he added by way of explanation. He picked up the clump of leaves flecked with waxen berries and threw into a gunny sack three or four pounds of mistletoe, the reward of his marksmanship.

The open season for mistletoe begins early in December, according to the Kansas City Star, and continues until only a day or so before Christmas, or, in the lean years, until the crop is exhausted. The mistletoe on the Kansas City market comes from Oklahoma, where in many localities the shipping of Christmas greens is recognized as a winter industry. The old method of "shooting" mistletoe has been in large part displaced, however, by agile boys who earn men's wages by climbing for the crop and carrying it to the ground in sacks slung from their shoulders. That preserves the foliage beauty by leaving the berries intact. When the boughs are "harvested" by the shotgun method the charge jars many of the globules from their tiny stems, and the fall to earth but adds to the havoc.

Hail to the King.

Hail to the King of Bethlehem,
Who wearst in his diadem
The yellow crocus for a gem
Of his authority!

—Longfellow.

Pineapple Plants.

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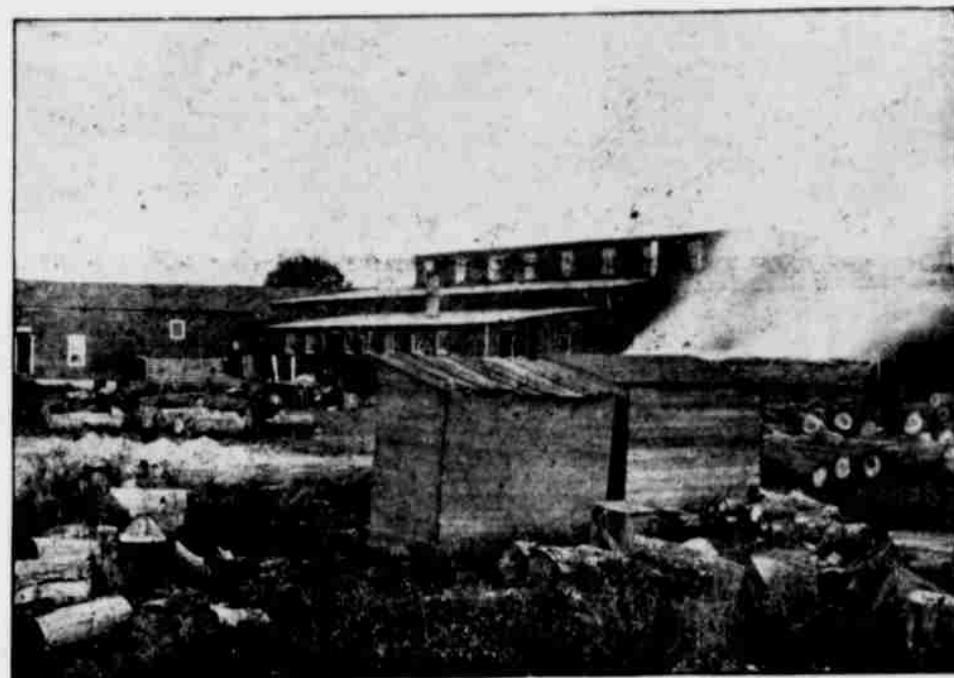
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